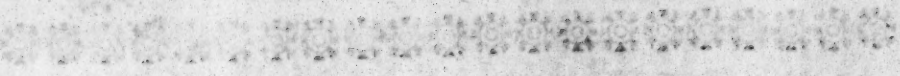


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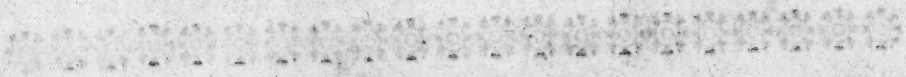
POWDER
A
DRAMATIC Piece.





A

DRAMATIC Piece.



A
DRAMATIC PIECE:

BY THE
R
CHARTER-HOUSE Scholars:

In Memory of the
POWDER-PLOT.

PERFORM'D
At the CHARTER-HOUSE,
November 6th 1732.



L O N D O N :
Printed: and Sold by J. BROTHERTON, at the

Dramatis Personæ:

The POPE.

**The DEVIL, in the Character of
a Pilgrim.**

TWO JESUITS.



Scene, the **VATICAN.**



A
Dramatic Piece, &c.



Enter the Two JESUITS, meeting.

First JESUIT

Father!

2d. JES.

My Friend!

1st JES.

Restor'd to Rome again?

2d. JES.

Once more thou se'st me at the VATICAN.

1st JES.

1st J E S.

And glad I see it grac'd with such a Man ;
In Missions, Counsels, and all Fortunes skill'd,
And with the glorious Fruits of Wisdom fill'd.

2d J E S.

Thou'rt still my Friend ?

1st J E S.

I am, if that great Name
My meaner Worth can from such Lustre claim.

2d J E S.

Away ; If thou'rt my Friend, such Praise forbear ;
Plain be thy Language, and thy Soul sincere.
Let us our former mutual Love restore,
And to true Friendship give a faithful Hour.

1st J E S.

Father, whate'er to Thee these Lips impart
Is the chaste Offspring of a faithful Heart.
This sudden Joy inspir'd me with thy Praise.
But whence the Sadness which thy Look betrays ?
Fled is the wonted Splendor of thy Eye ;
And fled those Smiles which shed' diffusive Joy.
Bring'st thou ill News ; or is thy Health impair'd ?

2d J E S.

(7)

2d J E S.

Thanks to kind Heav'n, where still my Vows are heard,
All its soft Blessings have not learn'd to cease ;
My Health is constant, and my Tidings Peace ;
Peace to the Church and to the Holy Chair ;
But from this Bosom that soft Blessing's far.

1st J E S.

What's this thou say'st?

2d J E S.

In Thee I seek Relief.

1st J E S.

Then make thy Friend a Sharer in thy Grief.

2d J E S.

How fares the Holy Father ?

1st J E S.

Wondrous' hale ;
New Health and Spirits o'er his Age prevail ;
Brace his old Nerves ; through all his Art'ries fly ;
Smile on his Cheek, and sparkle in his Eye.

2d J E S.

Amazing ! This of him ! Prithee explain.

1st J E S.

1st J E S.

We have a Pilgrim here, seems more than Man ;
 A Trav'ler, as they say, o'er th' Earth, alone ;
 Vers'd in all Arts, and in all Nations known ;
 In Nature's secret Laws of Skill profound ;
 No Mystery, it seems, but he can sound :
 And of this wondrous Man the PONTIFF's wondrous' fond.
 By him he rules, whate'er Affairs may call :
 And at this Stranger's Will we rise or fall.
 Gives him his Ear, his Heart, his ev'ry Hour ;
 And talks of universal Wealth and Pow'r ;
 That ev'ry Voice shall sing and Tongue declare
 The Sacred Empire of the Papal Chair ;
 That the whole Earth before his Throne shall bow ;
 And his unerring Measures quickly shew
 From its high Thrones all LAY-DOMINION hurl'd,
 And ROME again the Mistress of the World.
 Their Arts or Schemes no Mortal yet discerns :
 From him the Secret for his Health he learns.
 From him for all his Grievs he has a Cure.

2d J E S.

What Creature's this ? 'Tis not the Devil sure.

1st J E S.

The Devil ! Why, the Man's a Saint in Grain.
 Meek is his Soul, and mortified his Mien.
 He courts the Spirit ; and the Flesh he shuns :
 Fasting has worn him to the very Bones.
 His Art or Pray'r was never known to fail.
 'Tis said, he will be made a Cardinal.
 And if he dies, whilst he's thus highly priz'd,
 Sure as thy Virtue, he'll be canoniz'd.

2d J E S.

Fasting, thou say'st, has worn him to the Bone ?

1st J E S.

So it appears. He's a mere Skeleton.

2d J E S.

This strikes me. Say, what Habit is't he wears.

1st J E S.

A Shirt of Hair-cloth next his Skin appears :
 Round That a Scarlet-Sash is loosely thrown :
 And over both he wears a plain black Gown :

B

A little

(10)

A little swarthy Man, well seen in Years.

2d J E S.

Amazement !

1st J E S.

How ?

2d J E S.

Fresh Fuel to my Fears.

1st J E S.

What Fears hast thou ?

2d J E S.

Fears which distract my Heart ;
Fears which to vanquish baffles all my Art.

1st J E S.

From whence ?

2d J E S.

A dismal Vision of the Night.
Would'st thou believe, a Dream my Soul could fright ?
That Tricks of Fancy, left alone to stray,
Could shake this Bosom, and this Heart dismay ?

1st J E S.

Observers say, some angry Fate is near,
When Breasts like thine are touch'd with secret Fear.

But

(11)

But let not Fancy's airy Terrors thwart
Thy brighter Reason, or invade thy Heart.
Let not a Dream amaze thee ; a false Dread
From Cares or Fumes of Indigestion bred.
Shall Fears of Women, Fancy's idle Scroll,
Shroud the bright Fires that lighten up thy Soul ?
But thou art wise, and my too forward Zeal
Urges the Cautions which thou know'st so well.

2d J E S.

Welcome the Zeal thou hast so well declar'd.
But hear me first, and judge when thou hast heard.
To ALBION's Isle, to proselyte for ROME,
The PONTIF sent me ; and from thence I come.
On her brave Sons I practis'd ev'ry Snare,
And on her Daughters too, so wond'rous fair.
Made Thousands to our Myst'ries ope' the Door,
And turn out all the Faith they had before ;
'Gainst Common Sense to raise a hideous Cry,
And fiercer than their own fam'd Mastiffs fly.
Taught 'em, the greatest Saint is he who seeks
T'advance the Church and root out Hereticks :
That 'twas a Sacred Deed, for these great Things,
To blow up Senates, and to poison Kings ;

To drown a Daughter, burn a Neighbourhood,
Or cut a Father's Throat, and lay whole Realms in
Blood.

Taught them to fill the Air with false Complaints
Of Public Mis'ries and of Private Wants;
To scorn the King, the Ministers to hiss,
And brand the Times in universal Bliss;
To burn implacable against the State;
To plot, lie, forge, forswear, assassinate,
And start at Nothing for the fetching Home
The soft sham Monarch here we keep at ROME,
And winning for that Sot the BRITISH Diadem.

Can Mirth have Place on such a frightful Theme?
To 'Squires I prais'd his Health and Voice so clear;
Said, he lov'd Hunting, and admir'd their Beer.
The Fair I taught to pity his Mishaps,
To praise his Dancing, and commend his Shapes,
And from those Graces prove his Right divine.
But Mirth's a Pain to Bosoms pierc'd like mine.
I leave it then, and haste to shew my Wound.

In the sweet Isle, its own rich Seas surround,
Long had I thus resided on my Care,
When one Night, musing on my Fortunes there,
And the gay Realm with all the Pleasures fill'd,
Which Men can wisely wish, or Heav'n to Men can yield,

As

As on my Bed serene and calm I lay,
 SLEEP watch'd, and softly stole my Thoughts away;
 Toil'd REASON from her awful Throne convey'd,
 And in the Arms of soft OBLIVION laid.
 FANCY beheld; and when that Queen was gone,
 Up mounts the Mimic, and supplies the Throne:
 And more tremendous never was her Reign.
 But ah! she rul'd by Heav'n's bright Sanctions then:
 And what I trembling saw with mimic Eyes
 Was the dread Will of Pow'rs beyond the Skies.

Dark Visions of the POWDER-PLOT appear,
 Here so well known, so well remember'd there,
 And to my Eyes BRITANNIA'S States present,
 King, Lords and Commons met in Parliament,
 Her Guardian-Eagles watching o'er their Care.
 The Wind was silent, and the Welkin clear.
 Bright blaz'd the Sun, in all his Fires array'd,
 And with reflected Gold the Pavement clad.
 Nature to Love and Laughter seem'd resign'd,
 And Peace and Joy in fondest Union twin'd,
 When sudden' the Skies darken'd; Peace was fled;
 The Wind rose raging from its secret Bed;
 Tore all the Air, with Ruins strew'd the Plain,
 Whilst bell'wing Thunders dragg'd whole Seas of
 Rain.

Winds,

Winds, Floods and Fires through all the Skies contend,
 And with the quaking Earth in fighting Horrors blend,
 Ye Saints! the Wrecks and Noise! I thought astunn'd,
 Nature bled somewhere, and bewail'd the Wound.

Th'August Assembly, at a Scene so dire,
 Start from their Seats, and in a Fright retire.
 I turn'd and fled, but fled I knew not where,
 By Fortune guided, and impell'd by Fear,
 (Such is my Phrase) but fled not far: a Door
 Obscure and clos'd, I had not mark'd before,
 Quick' met my Eye, my Feet enchanted drew,
 And swiftly open in the Moment flew.

Eager I ran, look'd in, and saw there went
 Down-winding vaulted Stairs, a dark Descent.

What fancied Impulse, joining my Dismay,
 Bore my Heart forward to the gloomy Way?
 Bold' flam'd th'impelling Fire. O Pow'r Divine,
 Was't not like thine? O Gracious, was't not thine?

1st JES.

Father, thou melt'st my Heart; and chain'st my Ear.

2d JES.

Forgive my Transport; for 'twas more than Fear:

Heav'n's

Heav'n's secret Fires, which all the Soul exalt,
Impell'd; and down I pierc'd the gloomy Vault.

And now a glim'ring Light invades my Eye :
And to my Ear Two distant Voices fly.
My Flight I slack, and forward softly move,
Cautious the Myst'ry, undiscern'd, to prove :
And soon I reach'd the Scene, a gloomy Hole,
Where Heaps of Lumber lay, and Heaps of Coal.
In a close Corner there I spy'd a Priest,
(Strange Vision) in our Habit plain confest ;
With him a Man, from whom the Light appear'd
Dim-burning. Theirs the Voices I had heard :
And still they spoke alternate ; and 'twas then
I heard the Priest thus document the Man :

Thy Fears are sinful : quick the Monsters quell.
Let not thy Conscience 'gainst the Church rebel.
Conscience, without her Guidance, is the Slave of Hell.

Bold' fire the Train. 'Tis Heresie that dies.
'Tis a damn'd King and Parliament will rise
In Storms of Blood and Limbs wide-squander'd to the
Skies.

Fear Nothing. Trust in me and Heav'n's Vice-King.
'Twill to thy Name immortal Glory bring :
And Men and Saints and Angels shall thy Praises sing.

If Fate thou shunn'st (and thou shalt surely shun)
 The Church receives thee as her Darling-Son;
 And will thy Head ador'd with all her Honours crown.

If fall'st, thou fall'st to rise like Holy Stephen,
 And for a Blow for ROME so nobly given,
 Up soars thy Soul to shine the brightest Saint in Heaven.

The Man replies; but as I stand to hear,
 Shrieks from behind fly piercing to my Ear.
 I start and turn, and in the Instant seem
 (Such was the Magic that inform'd my Dream)
 Plac'd in the Palace of the VATICAN,
 Obscure': and still I heard a piercing Moan.
 'Twas Night, I thought. No Light th' Apartment
 chear'd,

But from a Lamp: I mus'd; and strait appear'd
 A Sov'rain Pontif I had never seen.
 Chains fill'd his Hand, and furious was his Mien.
 Behind him came a Man mere Skin and Bone,
 Little and old, and in a plain black Gown,

1st JES.

Such is the Pilgrim here, and such his Wear.

2d JES.

Dragging a 'wailing Beauty by the Hair;
 Which on her Head in silver'd Plenty shone.
 She shriek'd and sigh'd, and thus she made her Moan:
 And shall my Children, learned, brave and free,
 Be lost at once by such foul Treachery?
 Shall ROME thus basely ravish all my Fame?
 And the whole Earth again tell o'er my Shame?
 Then blush'd and wept, and wip'd her beauteous Eyes:
 And from her Bosom fled a Train of Sighs.
 The Pontif silent turn'd in furious Haste,
 And cast a Chain around her lovely Waste:
 And while he fix'd it, thus the Beauty 'plains:
 Is it that Heav'n I love which thus ordains?
 And shall BRITANNIA, lov'd, rever'd, and crown'd
 The Queen of Nations; and who hath, renown'd,
 Of Truth and Virtue sole Defendress reign'd,
 Again be to the Lusts of Popes and Devils chain'd?
 Does Heav'n not see? No Angel hear my Cry?
 Down in that Instant from th'illumin'd Sky,
 Which sudden' fill'd the Place with fancied Flame,
 To save the fair Distress'd an Angel came.
 Soon as Heav'n's Light appear'd, the Seeming Pin'd
 Vanish'd, and left a filthy Stench behind;

The Pontif fled; BRITANNIA (so my Dream)
 Sunk to the Floor, but fac'd the golden Gleam.
 The radiant Servant of the King of Kings
 Down sail'd to her, and clos'd his flaming Wings.
 I saw him sweep, I thought, from th'upper Ciel';
 But how he enter'd, let an Angel tell.
 And who can tell, without an Angel's Aid,
 The beamy Glories which around him play'd;
 His graceful Limbs; his flowing flaming Hair;
 His Motion, soft and free beyond Compare;
 His awful Beauty, and his God-like Air?
 What Art the blissful Odours can explain
 Which round him then in circling Oceans ran?
 Who tell the melting Glories of his Eye,
 When first he saw the glowing Beauty lye,
 Blushing and weeping like an April-Sky?
 O! if from Angels' Eyes such Sweet's exhale,
 Such Gleams of Love, such Show'rs of Pity fall,
 What's then their Maker, the Almighty Sire and Judge
 of All?

1st JES.

God is all Mercy.

2d JES.

(19)

2d JES.

But we do not teach,
That He's all Mercy.

1st JES.

Falshoods known we preach :
But then the CHURCH's Safety is the View :
And That, we say, makes ev'ry Doctrine true.

2d JES.

Away, I'm sick on't. 'Tis curs'd Dealing all.

1st JES.

So I've off' thought.

2d JES.

But from the Point I fall.
And I must haste to close the Mystery ;
For glad I would to Day the Holy Father see.
Of What remains then I'll but pick the Flow'r,
And leave the Rest to waste another Hour.

BRITANNIA rose ; the Angel seiz'd her Hand :
And Smiles on Smiles on either Face expand,

Their

Their Talk divine, the Splendors she put on,
 The mingling Glories which around them shone,
 No Art or Speech of Men can fully tell ;
 And on th'ecstatic Scene I could for ever dwell.

At Length the Angel's Eye around enquires ;
 And full on me he bends his glorious Fires.
 BRITANNIA turns ; and soon as me she 'spies,
 Wrath's reddest Flames burst raging from her Eyes.
 I wish'd to fly, but, vanquish'd with Dismay,
 Swift on my Face I fell, and trembled as I lay.

When thus, methought, the Angel : Wretched Man,
 With Devils number'd, and of Men the Bane,
 Would'st thou Heav'n's Mercy hope ? Renounce this
 Hour

ROME's Frauds and Whoredoms, and resist her Pow'r.
 Renounce thy Lusts ; love Truth, and live sincere.
 Haste to the PONTIF's Feet : Heav'n proves thee there.

He said : then All around me dreadful shook,
 While Shouts rack'd all the Skies : I started and
 awoke.

What think'st thou ?

ist J E S.

'Think ? that Dreams are oft' divine,
 Inspir'd by Heav'n : and such a one is thine.

We've

(21)

We've got the Devil at the VATICAN.
The Pilgrim's he: Thy Vision points him plain.

2d JES.

It looks so.

1st JES.

And the Rest I well conceive,
All but one Point. Come, Father, with thy Leave,
I'll wait thee to the PONTIF.

2d JES.

Thou art kind.

1st JES.

It shocks me ; but I long the Truth to find,
And gladly share all Hazards with my Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter



Enter the POPE and the DEVIL.

The latter habited as already describ'd.

The DEVIL.

Give him a Sec.

The POPE:

But is he really come ?

The DEVIL.

I tell thee, Pontif, he is now in ROME.
Talk of the Hat : his Merits amply praise.

The POPE.

I know him worthy ; but he disobey's ;
I call'd him not.

The DEVIL.

Psho, it was I that call'd.
ROME lack'd the Blaze of such an Emerald.

I know

(23)

I know his shining Worth ; and him I want.
Give him a See, I say. His Soul enchant
With Hopes of all the Grace around thee shines :
'Twill form him nobly for our great Designs.

The POPE.

I yield ; for thou know'st best the Cause of Rome.

The DEVIL.

Behold him.

The POPE.

Thou art right : I see him come.

Enter

(24)

Enter the Two Jesuits.

2d J E S.

[*Bending to the Pope's Foot.*]

Grace, Holy Father : I forsake my Care
Without your Orders, and at ROME appear.

The POPE.

The great, the matchless Man I wish'd at ROME !
And but now wish'd ! In the best Hour thou'rt come.
I want thee near me ; for I know thy Skill.
A See falls vacant which thy self shalt fill.
And if we live, and still thou'rt wholly mine,
ROME's noblest Purple's destin'd to be thine ;
And 'mongst her Sacred Chiefs thou shalt superiour
shine. }

This Holy Man (*pointing to the Devil*) is ROME's
Prime Minister,
Till thou succeedest to the glorious Care.
Consult with him : He'll tell thee all my Mind.

2d J E S.

(25)

2d J E S.

Ye Saints! Such mighty Things for me design'd!

The POPE.

Such is our Will.

2d J E S.

All Glories crown your Reign:
But my Abilities -----

The POPE.

Unquestion'd shine.

Father, no Bar; nor entertain a Doubt.
These Things thou merit'st; and they are thy Lot.

2d J E S.

I yield; and humbly thank your Holiness.
May Heav'n your Reign with all your Wishes bless.

The POPE.

[To the Devil.]

To thee my rising Fav'rite I commend,

D

2d JES.

(26)

2d J E S.

To all his Lessons I shall glad attend.

The POPE.

'Tis now I'm pleas'd.

1st J E S.

[Aside to the 2d.]

Hast thou forgot thy Dream?

2d J E S.

[Aside to the 1st.]

Psho, talk not now of such a foolish Whim.

Thou'rt taken Care for.

The POPE.

[To the 2d Jes.]

Well, but what's the News?

What Hopes of ALBION?

2d J E S.

Still there rest some Views.

Her Sons, late glorious, melt in Luxuries.

All's now devoted to Parade and Ease.

Many

Many in Heart revere the Holy See,
 Quite sick of Learning, Sense, and Liberty.
 Gorg'd with those Sweets the Fools enjoy in vain,
 They heave, and glad would throw 'em up again.
 Yet 'twill be vain, methinks, again to care
 'Bout winning ALBION to the Holy Chair.
 Firm on her Throne in circling Glories reign
 The Greatest Monarch and the Brightest Queen;
 Scatt'ring angelic, with a lavish Hand,
 Blessings and Glories through their wide Command;
 The Friends of Men; the Minions of the Skies;
 From whom (so mystic Fame) the World's last Heroes
 rise,
 The Scourge of Tyrants, and of ROME the Flail.
 Vanquish this Glorious House, we soon prevail.
 But that's a Toil beyond or ROME or Hell.

The DEVIL.

'Tis ROME's old Maxim never to despair;
 But in all Fortunes to be watching there.
 And still there rests a noble Chance to ROME,
 May bring both ALBION and all Nations home.
 The Game's not lost, the World shall quickly know:
 Still in her Hands are Cards, and good ones too.

(28)

2d JES.

[*To the Devil.*]

Thou charm'st my Heart. Of thee I long to learn.

1st JES.

[*Aside to the 2d.*]

Then thou art easie?

2d JES.

[*Aside to the 1st.*]

Psho, thy Head concern

With thy own Matters. Don't be troublesome.

The DEVIL.

[*Starting.*]

Something goes wrong.

The POPE.

[*Starting.*]

What's wrong?

1st JES.

Have at thee, ROME.

In the blest Name of th' Holy Trinity,

SATAN avant, for thou art surely he.

*The Devil vanishes. The Pope and 2d Jes. run off
in a Fright.*

What's

What's This supports me ? Something more I feel
 Than Human, props my Heart and guides my Will.
 'Tis Heav'n, I trust. O Holy Trinity,
 By whom I drive th'eternal Foe of Truth and Thee,
 Accept my Thanks, and guide me from this Woe
 To the fair Realm where all thy Blessings flow.
 The endless Cheats now op'ning to my Eyes !
 The lively Horrors in my Bosom rise !
 This wretched Church ! ---- The Villanies of ROME !
 O ALBION, to thy blisful Seats I come.
 I seek for Reason, Truth and Liberty,
 Pearls from the Skies, they say, abound in Thee.
 But for the Quest sublime, alas, I bring
 A feeble Eye, and an unpractis'd Wing.
 Still Ghostly Frauds and Superstitions Iway ;
 And lumb'ring Legends croud the glorious Way.
 Young to the Skies, and fearful to the Flight,
 Slow I shall rise to Truth's tremendous Height ;
 Still hov'ring o'er the Lures and Trash of ROME,
 'Till to Maturity in Flight I come ;
 'Till Knowledge brightens, and expert I soar,
 And fearless all the shining Road explore.

So the young Eagle, when she learns to fly,
 And on her tender Pinions courts the Sky,

In little Heights employs her am'rous Care,
 And easie Journies through the lower Air:
 Dwarf of the Earth, she hardly yet descries
 The feather'd Nations floating in the Skies.
 To low Atchievements gives her early Days;
 Prowls in the Valleys, and in Bottoms plays.
 But when superiour, in a florid Age,
 She feels the ripen'd Fruits of Genial Rage,
 The feather'd Harness, and the piercing Sight,
 Her Pinions strong and vig'rous for the Flight,
 Her Plumage tow'ring like the Mountain-Grove;
 In all the Glories of the Bird of Jove
 She soars sublime; all rival Heights defies;
 Mounts to the Heav'ns, and ranges thro' the Skies.

FINIS.



